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T. J. HOLTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"Perpetual Vigilance is the Price of Liberty," for "Power is always Stealing from the Many to the Few."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From Hilbert's History of the United States.

DEATH OF HAMILTON.

Disappointed, and all his hopes blighted, as he believed, by Hamilton's instrumentality, Burr became eager for vengeance.—Humiliating was the contrast between himself and Hamilton, to whom, in his anger, he was ready to ascribe, not his political defeat merely, but his blasted character also. Tho fallen from his former station of commanding influence in the conduct of affairs, Hamilton still enjoyed the unbounded confidence of a party, outnumbered indeed, but too respectable to be despised; while, of his bitterest opponents, none, with any pretensions to character or candor, doubted his honor or questioned his integrity. Burr, on the other hand, saw himself distrusted and suspected by everybody, and just about to sink alike into political annihilation and pecuniary ruin. Two months' meditation on this desperate state of affairs, wrought up his cold implacable spirit to the point of risking his own life to take that of his rival.—He might have even entertained the insane hope—for, though cunning and dexterous to a remarkable degree he had no great intellect—that Hamilton killed or disgraced, and thus removed out of the way, he might yet retrieve his desperate fortunes.

Among other publications made in the course of the late contest were two letters by Dr. Cooper, a zealous partisan of Lewis, in one of which it was alleged that Hamilton had spoken of Burr as a "dangerous man, who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government." In the other letter, after repeating the above statement, Cooper added: "I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which Gen. Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr."

Upon this latter passage Burr seized the means of forcing Hamilton into a duel. For his agent and assistant therein he selected Wm. P. Van Ness, a young lawyer, one of his most attached partisans, and not less dark, designing, cool and implacable than himself. Van Ness was sent to Hamilton with a copy of Cooper's printed letter, and a note from Burr, insisting upon "a prompt and unqualified acknowledgement or denial of the use of any expressions which would warrant Cooper's assertion."

Perfectly well acquainted with Burr and Van Ness, and perceiving as well from Van Ness's conversation as from Burr's note a settled intention to fix a quarrel upon him Hamilton declined any immediate answer, promising a reply in writing at his earliest convenience. In that reply he called Burr's attention to the fact that the word "despicable," however in its general signification it might imply imputations upon personal honor as to which explanations might be asked, yet, from its connection, as used in Dr. Cooper's letter, it apparently related merely to qualifications for political office, a subject, as nothing was said about the more definite statement referred to in the same letter, as to which it seemed to be admitted that no explanation was demandable. Still Hamilton expressed a perfect readiness to avow or disavow any specific opinion which he might be charged with having uttered; but added that he never would consent to be interrogated generally as to whether he had ever said anything in the course of fifteen years of political competition, to justify inferences which others might have drawn, thus exposing his candor and sincerety to injurious imputations on the part of all who might have apprehended him. "More than this," so the letter concluded, "cannot fitly be expected from me; especially it cannot be reasonably expected that I shall enter into any explanations upon a basis so vague as that you have adopted. I trust, on more reflection, you will see the matter in the same light. If not, I can only regret the circumstance, and must abide the consequences."

Burr's curt, rude and offensive reply began with intimating that Hamilton's letter was greatly deficient in that sincerety and delicacy which he professed so much to value. The epithet in question in the common understanding of it, implied dishonor. It having been affixed to Burr's name upon Hamilton's authority, he was bound to say whether he had authorized it, either directly or by uttering expressions or opinions derogatory to Burr's honor.

It was apparent from this letter, and it was subsequently distinctly stated by Van Ness, that what Burr required was a general disavowal on the part of Hamilton of any intention, in any conversation he might ever have held to convey impressions derogatory to the honor of Burr.

Granting Burr's right to make this extraordinary inquisiton into Hamilton's confidential conversations and correspondence, it would have been quite out of the question for Hamilton to make any such disavowal. His practice as a lawyer had given him full insight into Burr's swindling pecuniary transaction, and he had long regarded him, in his private as well as his political character, as a consummate villain, as reckless and unprincipled as he was cool, audacious and enterprising—an opinion which he had found frequent occasions to express more or less distinctly while warning his federal friends against the arts of Burr.

Desirous, however, to deprive Burr of any possible excuse for persisting in his murderous intentions, Hamilton caused a paper to be transmitted to him through Pendleton, a brother lawyer, who acted as his friend in this matter, to the effect that, if properly addressed—for Burr's second letter was considered too insulting to admit of a reply—he should be willing to state that the conversation alluded to by Dr. Cooper, so far as he could recall it, was wholly in relation to politics, and did not touch upon Burr's private character: nor should he hesitate to make an equally prompt avowal or disavowel to any other particular and specific conversation as to which he might be questioned.

But as Mr. Burr's only object was to find a pretext for a challenge, since he never could have expected the general disavowal which he demanded, this offer was pronounced unsatisfactory and a mere evasion; and again, a second time, disavowing in the same breath the charge made against him of predetermined hostility, Burr requested Van Ness to deliver a challenge. Even after its delivery Hamilton made a further attempt at specific arrangement in a second paper, denying any attempt to evade or intention to defy or insult, as had been insinuated, with particular reference to the closing paragraph of Hamilton's first letter in Burr's observations, through Van Ness on Hamilton's first paper. But this second paper Van Ness refused to receive, on the ground that the challenge had already been given and accepted. It was insisted, however, on Hamilton's part, as the Federal Circuit Court was in session, in which he had many important cases, that the meeting should be postponed till the Court was over, since he was not willing, by any act of his, or expose his clients to embarrassment, loss or delay.

It was not at all in the spirit of a professed duelist it was not upon a paltry point of honor that Hamilton had accepted this extraordinary challenge, by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous imputations on Burr's character, bandied about in conversation and the newspapers for two or three years past. The practice of dueling he utterly condemned; indeed, he had himself already been a victim to it in the loss of his eldest son, a boy of twenty, in a political duel some two years previously. As a private citizen, as a man under the influence of moral and religious sentiments, as a husband loving and loved, and the father of a numerous and dependent family, as a debtor honorably disposed, whose creditors might suffer by his death, he had every motive for avoiding the meeting. So he stated in a paper which, under a premonition of his fate he took care to leave behind him. It was in his character of a public man; it was in that lofty spirit of patriotism, of which examples are so rare, arising high above all personal and private considerations—a spirit of magnanimous and self sacrificing to the last, however in this instance uncalled for and mistaken—that he accepted the fatal challenge.—"The ability to be in future useful," such was his statements of his motive, "whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crisis of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular."

With that candor towards his opponents by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished, but of which so very seldom, indeed did he ever experience any return, he disavowed in this paper, the last he ever wrote, any disposition to affix odium to Burr's conduct in this particular case. He denied feeling towards Burr any personal ill-will, while he admitted that Burr might naturally be influenced against him by hearing of strong animadversions in which he had indulged and which, as usually happens, might probably have been aggravated in the report.—Those animadversions, in some cases, might have been occasioned by misconstruction or misinformation; yet his censures had not proceeded on light grounds nor from unworthy motives. From the possibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as to his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution which he left on record, and communicated to his second, to withhold and throw away his first fire, and perhaps his second; thus giving Burr a double opportunity to pause and reflect.

The grounds of Weehawk, on the Jersey shore, opposite New York were at that time the usual field of these single combats, then, chiefly by reason of the inflamed state of political feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending without bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at 7 o'clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds.—The bargemen, as well as Dr. Hosack, the surgeon mutually agreed upon, remained, as usual, at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to be witnesses. The parties, having exchanged salutations, the second measured the distance of ten paces, loaded the pistols, made the other preliminary arrangements, and placed the combatants. At the appointed signal, Burr took deliberate aim, and fired. The ball entered Hamilton's side, and as he fell, his pistol, too, was unconsciously discharged. Burr approached him, apparently somewhat moved, but on the suggestion of his second, the surgeon and barge-men already approaching, he turned and hastened away, Van Ness coolly covering him from their sight with an umbrella. The surgeon found Hamilton half lying, half sitting, on the ground, supported in the arms of his second. The pallor of death was on his face. "Doctor," he said, "this is a mortal wound;" and, as if overcome by the effort of speaking, he swooned quite away. As he was carried across the river, the fresh breeze revived him. His own house being in the country, he was conveyed at once to the house of a friend, where he lingered for twenty-four hours in great agony, but preserving his composure and self-command to the last.

The news of his death, diffused through the city, produced the greatest excitement.—Even that party hostility, of which he had been so conspicuous an object, was quelled for the moment. All were now willing to admit that he was not less patriotic than able, and that in his untimely death—for he was only in his forty-eighth year—the country had suffered an irreparable loss. The general feeling expressed itself in a public ceremony, the mournful pomp of which the city had never seen equaled.

ASA KNOLLIN'S ADVENTURES.

Asa T. Knollins was a genuine specimen of the down east Yankee—a log-chopping trading, fishing, sea going amphibious animal, passing his time between the ocean and the mainland. In one of his voyages before the mast, he went to Porto Rico, and by some chance it happened that his vessel sailed without him. Asa felt somewhat homesick when compelled to prolong his visit, and watched eagerly for an opportunity of returning to "his own, his native land."

One evening as he was walking along the seaside in a melancholy guise, he was suddenly surrounded by a gang of British sailors, belonging to the sloop-of-war Terrible, commanded by Capt. Bagshot, and then busy in taking in water and other stores, preparatory to a continuance of our three years' cruise. Asa was disposed to show fight at first, but as the press-gang was armed with cutlasses, he concluded his best policy was to submit quietly, and so he entered the barge without opposition and was taken on board the sloop. That night, as he lay awake, brooding over his misfortunes, he chalked out his plan of conduct, which was no other than to feign a simplicity, amounting almost to idiocy, and to display as little knowledge of seamanship as possible. He knew how to throw into his countenance an air of complete vacancy and innocence, calculated to throw the shrewdest observer off his guard.

The next day at noon, a dish of boiled beans was set before him without any other "fixins." Our friend "flared up" at the meagreness of the entertainment.

"Biled beans and no pork!" he exclaimed. "This is a leetle too mean, I swow! Taint fit for a dog!"

"Hadn't you better complain to the captain?" asked the black-whiskered bratewain with a sneer.

"That's it, old sea hoss," remarked Knollins. "That's a bright idee! Complain to the cap'n! So I will."

And, regardless of opposition, he bolted in to the cabin, where Capt. Bagshot sat at dinner with three or four of his officers.

"Who the devil are you? asked the captain, fiercely fixing his savage eyes on the Yankee.

"Who be I? ejaculated Knollins. "Why, I'm Asa T. Knollins, cap'n. I hope you're well—and how's the folks to hum! Pretty spry, eh?"

"You're name's Jonathan, I guess," said Capt. Bagshot, mimicking the nasal tone of Knollins.

"No it aint, it's Asa T. Knollins, cap'n."

"Well, what do you want of me?"

"Seems to me you live pretty well here, cap'n," Asa, looking over the table. "Pretty tall fodder. Chickens, ham, pineapples, and to be joyful. Your cook haint did the clean thing by us, though. S'pose you don't know nothing about it, so I tho't I'd step up here and let you know how they serve us down stairs. Why, Cap'n, they gin us beans without pork!"

"Beans without pork! As ton ish ing!" exclaimed the captain, willing to humor the "character."

"Yes, cap'n, beans without pork. Don't that beat all natur?"

"What do you live on when you're at home?" asked the captain.

"Pork and beans, biled chowder, flapjacks and doughnuts," answered Asa.

"What are flapjacks?" asked the captain.

"Don't you know what flapjacks are? why I thought every fool know'd that? They're made out o' flour, and eggs, and milk and, water, beaten up ker-slap, and then they're slotted into a fryin'-pan and done brown, and served up with butter and merlasses, or merlasses and butter, whichever you choose, and if they don't go down slick, there's no stuns in Roxbury!"

"You seem to like molasses," said the captain.

"Well, I guess I do," said Asa. "But not raw, as your fellurs eat it."

"How then?"

"Wall I like to run a stick into the bung-hole of a hogshead, and then pull it out and dror it through my mouth. Aint it good then? Wall I guess it is."

"Well, Jonathan."

"Asa, cap'n."

"Jonathan, I say, you can go now, and I'll see about the pork to-morrow."

Asa went back to his astonished shipmates, reporting that the captain was a "pretty slick sort of a fellur."

One day, when the men didn't "tumble up" from below with the requisite alacrity, the boatswain, rattan in hand, gave each of them a "reminder" with his stick he came on deck. Asa was the last, as usual, but watching the boatswain's bamboo, he caught the weapon in his hand and dexterously twisted it out of the officer's grasp.

"Hallo! whiskers!" said he, "I hope you didn't mean to hit me, 'cause it hurts a fellur. No you didn't—wall I thought so—I forgive you," and he threw the rattan overboard, escaping to the quarter-deck, where his originality and supposed imbecility secured him impunity. In fact, he was treated as a privileged buffoon by the officers.

Taking up a cannon-ball, one day, he asked, "What'n the world is this yere cap'n?"

"That's what we keep to pepper the Yankees with," answered Bagshot.

"Want to know!" said Asa. "How do you work it?"

"We put 'em into those big guns and fire 'em off."

"Shaw! you don't say so. Do they travil pretty fast, cap'n?"

"So fast you can't see 'em."

"Hurt a fellur if they hit?"

"Yes, when they're fired out of a gun."

"Not otherways?"

"No."

"Then here goes!" cried Asa; and handling the missile like a bowling ball, he let it drive among the legs of the officers and men, shouting, "hurrah! let her rip!"

Cries of rage and pain followed.

"Seems to me cap'n," said Asa cooly, "them'ere things duz hurt a fellur, evin if they aint fired out'n a gun."

One day Capt. Bagshot called Asa aft.—"Jonathan," said he, "there's a boat alond side; you may get your traps together, and go ashore. I think His Majesty can do without you."

"Wall, cap'n," replied Asa, "fore you spoke I'd pretty much made up my mind to quit. I kin make better wages fishing', by a great sight. Besids, I want to hum to see the folks. Good by, cap'n I shall see you again."

"I think not," said the captain.

"Guess I shall. Good by," said Asa, and with a light heart he bid adieu to the Terrible.

More than three years afterwards, during the war of 1812, a British armed vessel lying at St. Johns, was boarded and carried, in a dark night, by a daring band of American privateers men. The men were secured only one by one, as they came up. the leaders of the expedition then sought the commander and demanded his sword. Indignant and confounded, Capt. Bagshot asked the name of his captor.

"Lord bless you cap'n," answered a familiar voice, "don't you know me? I'm Asa T. Knollins, that boarded along o' you, a spell back, at Porto Rico. I told you I guessed I should see you agin; and when a Yankee guesses anything, it's sure to happen. Make yourself comfortable, cap'n, and excuse me for a moment, 'cause I've got to haul down your flag, run up the stars and stripes, and work the vessel into Portland."

From the Flower Basket.

"The Gold Coin;" or the Little Street Beggar.

A STORY OF "HAPPY NEW YEAR."

BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

It was the morning of a new year that had just set in, bright, golden, and beautiful. The snow glittered like jewelled raiment in the cloudless sun. The chiming of the silvery sounds of the bells, struck joyfully upon the listener in every street. The air was cold, though not piercing; bracing, though not biting—just cold enough, in truth, to infuse life and elasticity into one that moved.

There was a little girl, a child of poverty, on that beautiful new year's morning, walking the streets with the gay crowds that swept past her. Her little feet grown so numb, encased only in thin shoes, and those badly worn, that she could but with difficulty move one before the other. Her cheek shook at every step she took, and her lips looked truly purple. Alas, poor Elsie Gray! She was a *little beggar*.

Just like the old year was the new year to her. Just like the last year's wants, and last year's sufferings, were the wants and sufferings of this! The change of the year brought no change in her condition with it. She was poor; her mother was a widow and an invalid, and the child was a poor beggar!

In the old and cheerless room gleamed no bright fires of anniversary. No evergreens, no wreaths, no flowers save a few old withered ones, decked her time-stained walls. There was no sound of merry voices within the door to say to the widow Grey, "A happy New Year to you, Mrs. Gray!" Heaven seemed to have walled her and her abode out from the happiness that was all the world's on that festive day of the year. It had provided, to all appearances, no joys, no congratulations, no laughter, no gifts, no flowers, for them. Why? Were they outcasts? Had they outraged their claims on the wide world's charities? Had they voluntarily shut themselves out from the sunlight of the living creatures around them? No! a *shame* take the world that it must be so answered for them. Mrs. Gray was poor!

Little Elsie stopped at times and breathed her hot breath upon her blue and benumed fingers, and stamping her tiny feet in their thin casements with all the force left in them; and then big tears stood trembling in her large blue eyes for a moment, and rolled slowly down her purple cheeks, as if they would freeze to them. She had left her mother in bed, sick, exhausted, and famishing! What wonder that she cried, even though these hot tears only dropped on the icy pavement. They might as well fall there as elsewhere; the many human hearts that passed her were full as icy and hardened.

She would have turned back to go home but, she thought again of her poor mother and went on though where to go she knew not. She was to become a street beggar! Where would street beggars go? What streets are laid out and named and numbered for *them*? Surely, if not home, then where should they go? It was this thought that brought those crystal tears—that started those deep and impressible sobs that choked her infant utterance.

A young boy—a bright looking little fellow—chanced to pass her as she walked and wept and stopped. He caught the glitter of those tears in the sunshine, and the sight smote his angel heart. He knew not what want and suffering were. He had never known them himself—never once heard of them—knew not even what a real beggar was. He stopped suddenly before Elsie, and asked her the cause of those tears. She could make him no reply—her heart was too full.

"Has any body hurt you?" asked the feeling little fellow.

She shook her head negatively.

"Have you lost your way?" he persisted.

"No," answered the child, quite audibly.

"What is the matter, then?" he asked.

"Mother is poor and sick, and i am cold and hungry. We have nothing to eat. Our room is quite cold and there is no wood for us. Oh, you do not know all—you cannot know all."

"But I will," replied the manly boy—"Where do you live?"

"Will you go with me?" asked Elsie, her face brightening.

"Yes, let me go with you," said he; "show me the way!"

Through street, lane, and alley, she guided him. They reached the door of her hovel. The cold breaths of the wind whistled in at the cracks and crevices and key-hole before them, as if inviting them in. They entered. A sick woman feebly raised her head from the pillow, and gave her a sweet smile. "Elsie, have you come!" she faintly said.

"Yes, mother," answered the child: "and I have brought this boy with me. I do not know who he is, but he said he wanted to come and see where we lived. Did I do wrong to bring him, mother."

"No my child," said the mother, "If he knows how to pity you from his little heart; but he cannot pity me yet—he is not old enough."

The bright face, sunny hearted boy gazed in astonishment upon the mother and child. The scene was new to him. He wondered if this was what they called poverty. His eyes looked sadly upon the wasting mother, but they glittered with wonder when turned towards Elsie. Suddenly they filled with tears. The want, the woe, the barrenness, the desolation, were all too much for him! He shuddered at the cold uncovered floor. He gazed mournfully into the empty fireplace. His eyes wandered wonderingly over the naked walls, looking so uninvitingly and cheerless. Putting his hand into his pocket, he grasped the coin that his mother had that very morn given him, and drew it forth. "You may have that!" said he, holding it out to the child.

"Oh, you are too good! You are too generous, I fear!" broke in the mother, as if she ought not to take it from him.

"Mother will give me another if I want," said he; "it will do you a great deal of good, and I know I don't need it. Take it take it—you *shall* take it!" and he was instantly gone!

It was a gold coin of the value of five dollars!

Mother and child wept together. Then they talked of the good boy whose heart had opened for them on this new year's day. Then they let their fancies run and grow wild and revel as they chose. They looked at the glistening piece. There was bread, and fuel, and clothing, and every other comfort, in its depths. They continued to gaze upon it. Now they saw within its rim pictures of delight and joy; visions of long rooms, all wreathed and decorated with evergreens and flowers; visions of smiling faces and happy children; sights of merry sleigh rides, and the glistening of bright runners over the smooth worn snow. They listened; they heard the mingled sounds of merry voices, and the chiming music bells, the accents of innocent tongues, and the laugh of gladsome hearts. Ah! what a philosopher's stone was that coin! How it turned everything first into gold, and then into happiness! How it grouped around them kind and cheerful friends, and filled their ears with kind voices! How it garlanded all hours of that day with evergreen and full-bloom roses! How it spread them a laden table, and crowded it with merry guests! and those guests, too all satisfied and happy! O, what bright rays shone forth from that trifling coin of gold! Could it have been as bright in the child's or the man's dark pocket? No; else it had before then burned its very way through, and lent its radience to others. Could it have shone with such visions in the rich man's hands? No; else his avarice would have vanquished at once, and his heart have overflowed with generosity! No, no; it was only to such as the widow and her child that it wore such a shine, and emitted such brilliant rays and, revealed such sweet and welcome visions! Only for such as they!

That night returned this angel boy to the black room, then filled with happiness and lighted with joy; but he was not alone; his own mother was with him. Blessed boy! He passed the whole of New Year's day in making others happy. And how much happier was he himself! How his little heart warmed and glowed to see the child uncover the basket he had brought with him, and take out, one by one, the gifts that were stowed there! And how overjoyed was he to see his mother offer the sick woman work and a new home, and to see the sick woman grow suddenly strong, and almost well, under the influence of their kind offers! He wondered if their happiness could possibly be as deep as his own, if their New Year's was as bright to them as his was to him. He knew not how any one could be happier than he was at that moment.

Years have rolled away into the silent past. That little girl—Elsie Gray—is a lady. Not a lady only in *name*, but one in every deed, in heart, in conduct. She dwells in a sweet suburban cottage, and her husband is devoted only to her. The husband is no other than the generous boy who on the New Year's festival accosted her so tenderly in the street, and went home with her. Her poor mother sleeps quietly in the little church-yard; yet she lived to know that God had provided for her child. She died resigned and happy.

Are there coins, either of gold or silver, that must be locked away from sight on this day of the new year? Are there any containing within the depths such sweet visions, such happy sights, they must lie under lock and key all this day, lest happiness and comfort may become too universal?

Here is one—where comes another.

Go it while you're young.—Poker.